

gentleman; one running with a warming-pan to air the bed, another mounting his horse to fetch the doctor, some tearing the wet clothes off his back, and others bringing dry ones. Master Simpson, who was now perfectly recovered, told them that he wanted nothing but dry clothes, and begged they would turn their attention to the generous little shepherd, to whom he was indebted for his life.

During this time, Amintor had been standing in his wet clothes, without any one but Florella taking any notice of him; but now all attention was turned to him, his wet clothes were taken off, and a handsome suit of Master Simpson's was brought and put on him, which fitted him as well as if it had been made for him. Little Florella had never seen her brother so fine before.

Both the 'Squire and his lady could not help remarking, as soon as their  
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night was over, how pretty the little Amintor looked in his new dress. "My little courageous youth, (said the 'Squire, taking Amintor by the hand) I owe to your deliberate prudence the life of my dear son, and be assured I will amply reward you for it. You shall no more put on your shepherd's dress, but wear that, of which you are more deserving."

Little Miss Simpson observed, that she doubted not, but that pretty Florella would become one of her dresses, as much as Amintor did that of her brother's. So saying, she took her up into her dressing room, and made her look as smart as her brother. The 'Squire and his lady admired the change dress had made in the sweet little shepherd and shepherdess, which afforded them many a merry joke during dinner-time, which put an end to all former fears and apprehensions,

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